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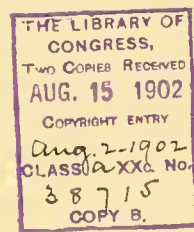
In Days of Yore.

By L. W. Botsford.

Cragmoor, = New York.

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PREFACE.

To meet a demand for something historic, something descriptive, or an Indian legend, the author set forth to assemble and write up matter taken from history, and from tradition, from authority whose ancestors lost their lives in the Indian uprisings, being careful to avoid anything fictitious. The reader, wishing to be generous enough to believe, being a stranger to the locality where the scene is laid; we take the pride that naturally comes with the labor of getting up the same, feeling that the confidence of the reader is not misplaced.

There lived up to within, say, a decade ago, old citizens who remembered hearing their grandfathers say that they knew those who were acquainted with the early settlers that perished at the hands of the Indians; but those *now* living, on the spur of the advancement of to-day, their last thought to jot down

on paper, if only a few words, valuable information, now barely obtainable, in the fading light.

The scene is laid within a radius of but a few miles of the summit of the Shawangunks, including the Ellenville and Rondout Valley on the west side, and the "Shongum" Valley to the east; time less than 250 years ago, occupied by a sprinkling of the early pioneers, who struggled hard for a living, for a home, and sometimes for life itself.

The article, "A Day on the Shawangunk Mountains" is given as a matter descriptive, and Cragsmoor a century ago, all taken together, as a matter of variety; hoping that a part, at least, will interest a few

THE AUTHOR.

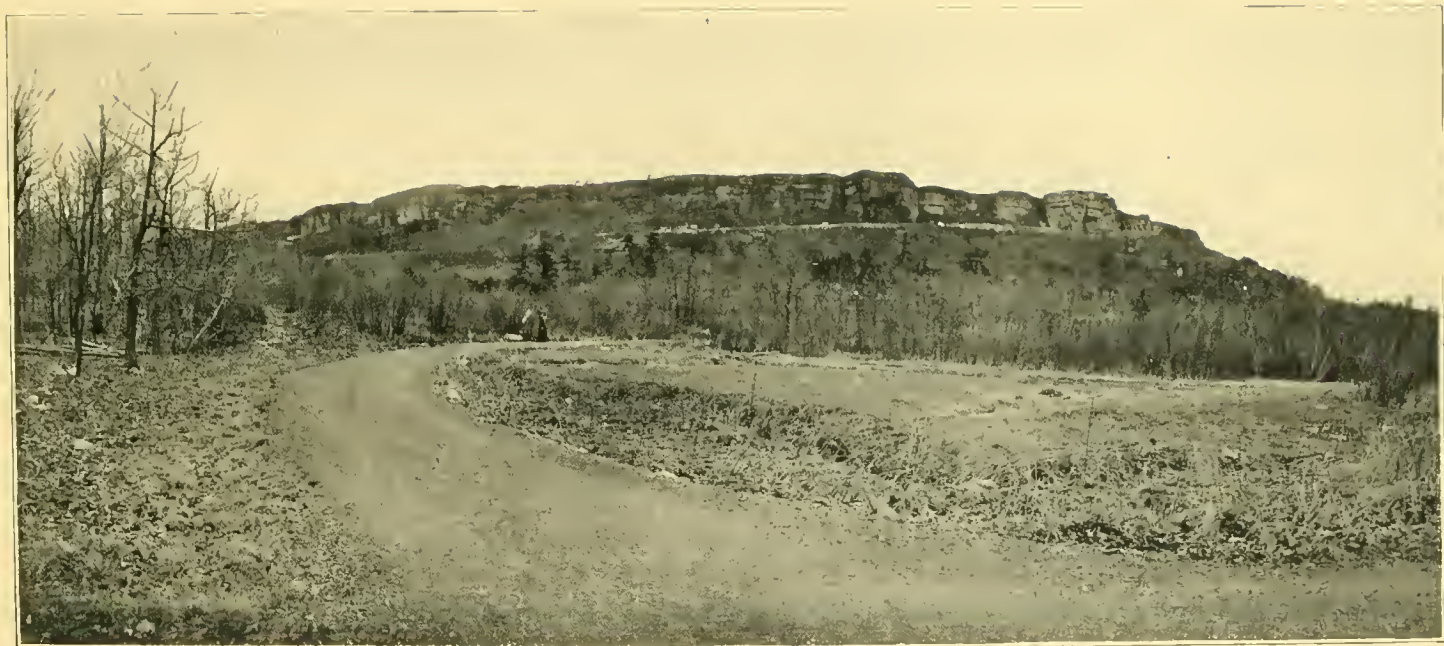
A Day on the Shawangunk Mountains.

Descriptive. July 1892.

"To stand upon the culminating point of any country, whether it be in the roof of the world in the Himalayas, the crowning summit of the alps, or upon the highest peak of New York's southern hills, is to command the world, and on such a height the scene of mountain, valley and plain is spread out as a great panorama to the eye. So it was with us one beautiful July morning, as, with the fresh breezes in our faces, we stood on the summit of the Shawangunks and traced our earth from the green mountains of Vermont to the high-land of the blue Hudson, peered over Cornell, Whittenberg, Round Top and Slide of the Catskills, followed our own mountains to the southward and lost the view in the Kittatinnies of New Jersey and Poconos of Pennsylvania. To the east lay the gap of the Hudson, and to the south, High Point, New Jersey's greatest boast. At our feet slumbered the the Wallkill Valley beautiful in the sunshine. Sam's Point, the highest of the Shawangunks, is

2340 feet in elevation, and rises as a precipitous wall of rock, fractured and rent, from the valley 2000 feet below.

The Rock of the Region, which has given the Indian name, meaning "white," is a conspicuously handsome conglomerate of rounded quartz pebbles, some coarse, some fine, in a siliceous matrix, and the whiteness of the rock is in striking contrast to the black lichen which clings to its surface. We do not see in these mountains the gentle, regular contours of the Catskills, where water's comparatively slow, gentle action has carved out the valleys, leaving the mountains standing between, but here we have a more rugged scenery of cliffs and precipices, of rifts and chasms extending in every direction, and one does not walk far without crossing over or climbing a cleft in the rocks. The occurrence of the coarse Oneida conglomerate upon the soft Hudson shale is the clue to this ruggedness, for the slipping of the upper rock on its treacherous bed has caused the fissuring





of the whole mountain's surface. There is an appearance of power, of grand destruction about the place that gives it a wild fascination. One feels that he is in a place where something terrific has happened.

The combination of extended view, of precipitous walls, of glaring white rocks, with its blotches of black lichen, and its great rifts, with huge boulders everywhere scattered about, makes a scene that is a great pleasure to any lover of nature. Scrambling over these rocks and rifts, grasping at a stunted pine, stopping to pick a fine bunch of huckleberries, is a delight. Down in the depths of the deepest rifts, lies perpetual snow, where the summer's heat is too weak to melt the winter's store, and down in the valley, they say, ice-cold water rushes from the springs. All over the surface of the mountain lie great boulders, rounded travelers from other scenes—brown Catskill from the northward; the broad white surfaces are as smooth as a polished floor or marble table; these shining surfaces are scratched and grooved with lines to the southwestward; the once sharp edges of the many cliffs are rounded off most perfectly. What does it mean? The Prophet of the Mountains, our old friend, who has lived there all his life, has learned the lesson, told so eloquently by the mute rocks, of the great mass of ice coming down from the northward and covering all the region. He has learned how the glacier carried and left the boulders, how it scratched and grooved and polished the rocks, how it rounded the sharp edges of the chasms, and changed the region, making

a different scene from what it would have been, had there been no ice age in America, or had the Shawangunks been much further to the south. We have learned his lesson, too, and when the old man knelt down and with his knife cut away the clinging lichens from the rock and scraped from beneath the soft, white, powdery "meal," the glacier's parting gift, we all seemed very near to nature, listening to the very secrets of her work, accomplished so long ago. Leaving Sam's Point we followed the path along the edge of the western chasm for quite a distance, leaping boulders and rifts, sliding over polished surfaces, till we come to the pretty little Maratanza Lake, with its setting of low pine trees suggesting to our minds any region but our own.

The four lakes, Mohonk, Minnewaska, Maratanza and Awosting, lie on the summit of the Shawangunks and may be glacial lakes. They do not appear however, to be the result of drift deposit, but their beds may be depressions that were scooped out by the glacier as it passed over the surface. Of the four lakes, Maratanza is the smallest and Awosting the largest, and it was our pleasure to see both on that delightful day's travel, and they will always be in our memory, as pearls in the mountain, reflecting the light above.'

Another writer has said: "The highest of these promontories is Sam's Point, 2340 feet above the sea, and affording an extensive and beautiful view. There are higher points in the Catskills and the Adirondacks, but it is doubtful if anywhere in

the State of New York there is a panorama superior, if equal, to this. A sharp breeze is almost invariably sweeping across the bleak rocks; and the crevices round about hold their ice and their chill, sending out a cold draft as the day declines: The sun is sinking: to those denizens of the valleys the twilight has already come as you perceive from the blue haze and the gloom that have overspread them, but to you it is still the glorious resplendent hour of sunset, and you watch the red disc settle slowly upon that far away horizon, dropping like molten lead through the obstructing clouds, and finally blinking a last drowsy good-bye and leaving the world to struggle with the night. The gloom deepens in the valleys; a glimmer of light here, and a glimmer of light there, mark the existence of a cottage or a town and show that humanity has plucked the stars from heaven and refuses to go to bed when "the curfew tolls the knell of parting day."

Panorama of hamlets and villages as seen from Sam's Point: Cornwall, Cold Spring, Modena, Walden, Brunswick, Montgom-

ery, Pine Bush, Ulsterville, Burlingham, Thompson Ridge, Circleville, Crawford, Dwarskill, Walker Valley, Middletown (city), Bloomingburgh, Howells, Cragmoor, Mountain Dale, Centreville, Liberty and Monticello.

Panorama of mountain peaks at the horizon as seen from Sam's Point in their respective States:

Housatonic Mountains of Connecticut.

Berkshire Mountains of Massachusetts.

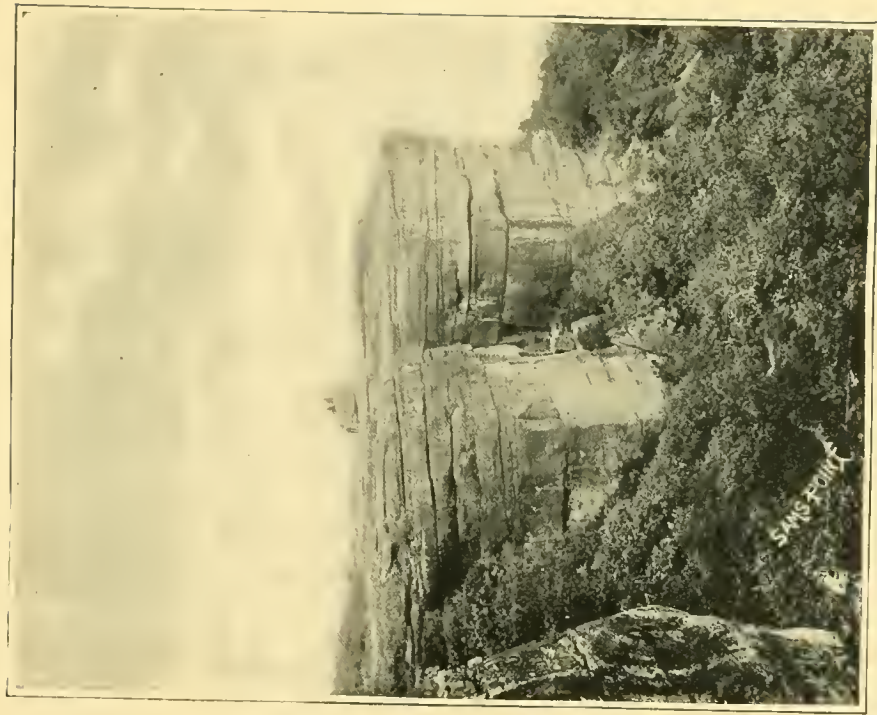
Green Mountains of Vermont.

Kittatinnies and High Point of New Jersey.

Poconos of Pennsylvania.

Helderberg Mountains, the Catskills, the Shandaken to the northwest.

To the southeast the Ramapo and the Highlands of the Hudson of New York.







AWOSTING



MARATANZA



LAKES.

Awosting Lake, which we see from Sam's Point, is one and one-half miles in length, and in its deepest part 80 feet. It has heavily wooded and rock bound shores, whose cliffs some places rise over 100 feet perpendicular from the water. If visiting first, Mohonk, Minnewaska and Awosting, in their deep setting, between ledges and crags, fringed with hemlock and spruce; then visiting Maratanza, situated in its slight depression, with its evergreen pine only a few feet high, and not seeing any mountain range beyond its low shore, one would believe that he

was in some vast low-land region, rather than on the highest peak of the whole Shawangunk range, or on the shore of the highest lake in this portion of the State.

It has been told in story, that its name was derived from a squaw.

Near the north edge of lake, it has a floating marsh; near the westerly side, several acres of the white lily, on the south-erly side, a sandy beach; and save for a shelter for the tired traveler, its shores are as wild as in days of yore.

"And there's not a vestige of rotten log
to mark the spot "

The Cabin Homes OF Cragsmoor* One Hundred Years Ago.

If having finished reading the New York World, or Journal of to-day, you would kindly loan your attention to reminiscences of yesterday, the day before, and the days before that, that have blended in oblivion. Then if at 100 years ago, leaving the site now Ellenville, without a house in the place, or bridge across the creek, you find yourself at the base of the mountain; here by the site now occupied by the cider mill, you turn on an old wood road,† that runs up the North Gulley, following closely along the stream for a distance of about two miles, opposite

*Of course, the site now Cragsmoor, had no name then.

†The name, "Old Wood Road," was simply a way cleared from trees and brush, by the early Pioneer, so as to get over with a wood shod sleigh. No pretense being made as regard earth or road bed.

now Hurst's place; here the road turning to the south, and crossing near now, Adam Wilhelm's, and continuing south, across the upper end of South Gulley, (just above the road now in use), coming out by the watering trough, (now used) in the hemlocks, this was the only road then. At the top of the hill, it continued on as it does now, past the "Oak Tree" at the top of the hill just mentioned, by (now), Mrs. Kier's barn, a road branched off, running up past, now Lakwelend, and then southerly, over the hill, past Kindberg's, and thence down the mountain. Of the old homes then, they are entirely wiped out, and if we were to review that scene, we would have to blot from our mind, so to speak, all of the buildings of to day. Those Cabin



AN EARLY SETTLER'S HOME



Homes were built of logs; the floor oft-times of hewn plank, and the sheathing for the roof, to which to nail the shingle, were often flattened poles. The shingle was made by a "riving machine;" this was a large strong knife, fastened on the under side of a long pole, or small log, say about 25 or 30 feet long; working on a pivot, 4 or 5 feet from knife, the small end of pole used as a handle or lever, operated by one or two men, who would walk back and forth on a tread; placing a block of wood the desired length of the shingle under the knife, then with one forward motion of the lever, they would cut off a shaving in the form of a shingle.* Thus the pioneer, with an ax and riving machine, could build a house. This was probably a hundred years ago; for 75 or 80 years back, a saw mill was built on the South Gulley stream, near where Philip Gingold lived, and furnished sawed lumber, and houses after this were built partially of logs and boards.

CONVEYANCE.

In those days, say 80 years ago, there were no horses or wagons, but instead oxen and home-made wood shod sleighs, that were used all the year round. In August, and in the fall months following, a man would take a few bags of grain loaded

*After the riving machine, and before the introduction of sawed shingle, the early settler invented for home use a splitting machine, and then used split shingle which was considered by many superior to our sawed shingle now used.

*The authority for this, who heard their parents tell it, are still living. Mr. Casper Fisher and Mr. Oliver Evans.

on the sleigh and go a day's journey, a distance of 5 or 10 miles and have it ground into flour and feed, returning on the morrow; always taking along an ax, an augur and saw for repairs if needed to sleigh. The first wheeled vehicle that was used, was made by one Thomas Whelply, it was when wagons were beginning to be used in these parts. He made this, a two-wheeled vehicle, getting the wheels by sawing cross-wise through a large log, boring holes through the center for axle-tree and attaching a pole to this, to be used as a wagon tongue, on this he placed his grain, and drawn by oxen, "went to mill" at Wawarsing; claiming to be the first one down the mountain with a wagon. Some time after this he lost one of his oxen, then putting shafts to his "wagon," he used the one remaining ox, and oft-times in this way, he went to church at Wawarsing.*

THOSE FORGOTTEN HOMES.

Among those who lived here about 100 or 125 years ago, was Daniel Lilly on the Bleakly place, Leonard Lilly on the Kindberg place, Alex. Ferguson on the place now Lakwelend. There were other old homes, but no one living to-day, knows who oc-

NOTE.—Between Lakwelend and Mr. Kindberg's, and on the land of the latter, is a flat rock, it is in the woods about 30 ft. from the edge of his upper field on the summit of the hill. It is an irregular diamond shape, about 16 ft. long, 8 ft. wide, 2 ft. high at west end, barely a foot high at east end, and on the west side of an old wood road, being the only road that crossed the mountain 100 years ago, as before stated. Mr. J. W. Coddington, now deceased, who was over 80, related that when he was a little boy, he heard the old folks say that on that rock some of the neighbors used to pound their grain, telling this too at different times in his life, and long before his mind could have been sus-

cupied them. Often the location of once a home, is marked by old apple trees; but the stone of the old fire-place and chimney would be taken away by a younger generation and rebuilt in the new log house, which in time and in its turn, had fallen to decay, and from there the stone would be placed by other hands into a stone wall along the road side, and then, after lying there 30 or 40 years, the wall would be carted away, and built in the stone summer residence of to-day. In those old days, they pected of being feeble; it is worthy of belief, as he was a truthful old man. But the reason this is mentioned here, and should this booklet survive, as printed matter some times does, and some future inhabitant build a modern home, having this rock in his yard, he can consider the above for what he believes it worth, and have the benefit of a tale told so long ago.

struck the fire from the flint, their light was the tallow candle, their stove the fire-place.

Ask any citizen of Cragmoor to-day who cleared the land by his house, or the meadow by the barn, and if the answer be, "I do not know," the inference is drawn that some one is forgotten; a bit uninteresting this, because the scene is past. But he who shouldered the bag of grain in the morning and carried it to the mill, returning with it as flour at night, in time that a portion might be made into biscuit for the family supper, *was the Pioneer*. As the old inhabitant has been heard to remark, repeating the words of his father before him, that "they were days that tried men's souls," those days, in days of yore.

"We see in the depths of the virgin wilderness, the first half-dozen isolated log huts, each in the centre of its little clearing, bordered on either side by miles of almost pathless forests. We see at these rude pioneer homes the father with the gun by his side, planting his corn among the blackened stumps and logs. We see the mother surrounded by her infant children, busily plying her daily toil, within the single room of her humble home, and often casting anxious glances into the shadowy woods, which her imagination at all times peopled with hordes of wild beasts and savage men."

The Early Pioneer and His Dusky Neighbor.

From American history we learn that many of the earlier settlements owe their establishment to the religious persecutions of the old country. Holland at one time being a government founded on religious tolerance, all religions flocked there.

The Huguenots being driven from their homes in France, found refuge among the Hollanders, and afterward emigrated to America. Coming up the Hudson on board a sloop, touching at several places in search of a location, and finally anchored off

the mouth of Esopus creek, finding that the soil here was rich, Indians friendly, and expressing a desire that they settle among them. Tradition says, that here the Huguenots disembarked, and with all their goods, (which were few), wended their way slowly in this new land, until they reached the flats on which is now the city of Kingston, and with the consent of the natives, they began the establishment of their homes, yes, our Ulster county, this was in 1655. Soon after this a general war broke out between the Indians and the white settlers of Ams-

terdam; on hearing this news, the inhabitants fled from their newly made homes, leaving their belongings to the mercy of the savages, which they appropriated. We find on the records at Albany, that the whites returned to their homes at the close of hostilities. The Indians had their wigwams all around the farms of the whites, and their maize* fields and bean patches were near to each other. The cows and hogs of the settlers roamed at will over the untilled flats, often damaging the crops of the Indian women who complained to the owner, but the stock was still allowed to roam as before. Now and then a pig was found with an arrow or bullet in it, still all might have went well, had it not been for trouble arising from an entirely different source. Jacob Jansen Stohl wrote to Governor Stuyvesant, the following, viz: "The people of Fort Orange, (Albany), sell liquor to the Indians, so that not only I, but all the people of the Great Esopus,† daily see them drunk, from which nothing good, but the ruin of the land, must be the consequence." In a letter from Thomas Chambers to Governor Stuyvesant, dated May, 1658, he writes: "I observed that the Indians had a cask of brandy lying under a tree. I tasted myself, and found it was pure brandy. About dusk the Indians fired at, and killed Harmen Jacobsen, who was aboard a sloop in the river; and during the night they set fire to the house of Jacob Adrijansa, and

*Indian corn.

†The whole of Ulster county was then called Esopus.

the people were compelled to flee for their lives. Once before we were driven away from our property. As long as we are under the jurisdiction of the West India Co. we ask your assistance, as Esopus could feed the whole of New Netherland. The Indians have promised to deliver the savage who killed Jacobsen. Do not begin the war too soon; not until we have prepared a strong hold for defense." Other depredations were made and more letters written asking for aid. The following are extracts from the minutes of Governor Stuyvesant's visit to Esopus. "We left in the private yacht on the 28th of May, 1658, and arrived at the Esopus Creek the 29th with sixty soldiers, and persuaded a friendly native to go inland and ask the Indian Sachems to meet me at the house of Jacob Jansen Stohl the following day, assuring to them no harm on meeting. We then marched to Stohl's house, which was the nearest to the plantation of the savages. About fifty responded. After they had all gathered under a tree outside of the enclosure, about a stone's throw from the hedge, and had sat down, as is their custom, I went out to them. One of their number arose and began a long speech telling how in Kieft's time our nation had killed so many of their people, which they had put away and forgotten.

I answered that this all happened before my time, and did not concern me; that they and the other savages had drawn it all upon themselves by killing several Christians, which I would not repeat, because when peace was made, the matter had all

been forgotten, and put away among us, (their customary expressions on such occasions). I asked them if since peace was made any harm had been done to them or theirs; they kept a complete silence. I stated to them, and upbraided them for the murder, injuries and insults during my administration, to discover the truth and author of which I had come to Esopus at this time, yet with no desire to begin a general war, or punish any one innocent of it, if the murderer was surrendered and the damages for the burned buildings paid. I added that they had invited us to settle on their lands in Esopus, and that we did not own the land, nor did we desire to until we had paid for it. I asked why they had committed the murder, burned the houses, killed the hogs and did other injuries. Then one of the Sachems* stood up and said, "the Dutch sold the 'boison' (brandy) to the savages, and were the cause of the Indians becoming 'cacheus' (crazy), mad or drunk, and then had committed the outrages. That at such times they, the chiefs, could not keep in bounds the young men, who were spoiling for a fight; that the murder had not been committed by any one of their tribe, but by a Neversink savage; that the Indian who had set fire to the houses had run away and would not be here. That they were not enemies and did not desire to or intend to fight, but had no control over the young men."

I told them if the young men had a desire to fight to come

*The names of the Sachems, Paspequahon, Preuwarmacham, Nachheh-math.

forward now; I would match them man for man, or twenty against thirty, or even forty; that now was the proper time for it, that it was not well to plague, injure or threaten the farmer or the women and children; that if they did not cease in the future, we might try to recover damages. We would kill them, capture their wives and children, and destroy their corn and beans. I would not do it because I told them I would not harm them, but I hoped they would immediately indemnify the owner of the houses and deliver up the murderer. To close the conference, I stated my decision, that to prevent further harm being done to my people, or the selling of more brandy to the Indians, my people should all remove to one place, and live close by each other, that they might better sell me the whole country of the Swannekers (Dutch), so that the hogs of the latter could not run into the corn fields of the savages and be killed by them. The chiefs promised that they would not let it occur again.

The soldiers were set to work, and with the farmers built an enclosure or stockade around the place occupied by the log cabins of the whites.

Having accomplished this work, the Governor and his troops set out on their return, except twenty-four men left to guard the place. But peace begun under such favorable auspices was of short duration, for Governor Stuyvesant soon after received a letter from the Sergeant of the garrison, "send me quickly orders, the Indians are becoming savage and insolent;

they are angry that you challenged twenty of their men to fight. Those returned from the beaver hunt say if they had been here they would have accepted the challenge. They talk about it every day, and to-day there are about five hundred savages assembled. Provide us as quickly as possible with ammunition."

Ensign Dirck Smith was dispatched to the relief of the garrison with twenty-five additional troops, making the fighting strength of fifty exclusive of the citizens. This for a while had the effect of keeping peace. In October 1658, the Esopus Indians made a conveyance* of the land as they had promised. But more or less brandy was procured from some quarter by the natives, and there was more or less trouble as a result. In the autumn of 1659 the Indians made an attack on the village, on the site of the present City Hall. In the spring of 1660 there was a renewal of hostilities; for damages the Indians made a conveyance to Stuyvesant, of much land lying up the Wallkill and Rondout Valleys. Then on June 7, 1663, two hundred Indians made an attack on the village, (site now of Kingston), and on Hurley, (called the New Village). In the former twelve houses were burned; the latter entirely destroyed, fifteen men, four women and two children were killed. Troops then pursued the savages as far as Tuttle town, some twenty miles, destroying all their wigwams, maize fields, food and peltries; under these circumstances the Indians, (Delawares), sued for peace,

*This was the first grant of land in Ulster county.

and the truce was observed for about ninety years or until the breaking out of the French and Indian War.

THE DELAWARES.

The Delawares were a powerful and warlike tribe, that came they say, from the far west. On reaching the Hudson river they met the different tribes of the Mengwe or Iroquois; they were more or less constantly at war with some of these tribes, and defeating them, they (the Iroquois) retired to the region of the lakes. The Delawares had a village at Cochection, where they held their green corn dances and dog-festivals, and at Minisink they held their councils of war, while their principal settlement was Peenpack, in the heart of the Delaware country. Their old Indian trail connecting with the Machicannittuck* at Esopus, was down the Mamakating and Rondout valleys.

THE SIX NATIONS.

Some time after the wars between the Delawares and Iroquois, the latter, who had theretofore been separate tribes, each under its own respective chief, formed an alliance, viz: the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, Senecas and Tuscaroras, the latter reaching as far south as North Carolina. This alliance was called the Six Nations, governed by the united councils of their aged sachems and chiefs.

*Hudson River.

To illustrate their prominence after this, we quote from Lossing, his "Field Book of the Revolution," says: The natives* had conveyed a territory to the "Proprietors of Pennsylvania," the boundaries of which were to extend a certain distance on the Delaware or "Great Fishkill" river, and as far back in a northwest direction, as a man could travel in a day and a half. The Indians intending the depth of the tract should be about fifty miles, the distance a man would ordinarily walk in the specified time. But the purchasers employed the best pedestrians in the colonies, who did not stop by the way even to eat while *running* the line; the expiration of the day and a half found them eighty-five miles in the interior. The Indians boldly charged them with deception and dishonesty. The "proprietors" claimed that they had become the owners of the lands within the Forks of the Delaware river by a regular form of conveyance. The Delawares on the other hand, denied the validity of the sale. The case was in 1742 laid before the Six Nations for arbitration, who, after hearing both sides, decided that the disputed territory could not be sold by the Delawares, as they were a conquered people, who had lost their right in the soil; that if the land did not belong to the white people, it was the property of the Six Nations."

THE PERIOD OF THE REVOLUTION.

In Fiske's history of the Revolutionary War, it says: "The

*The Delawares.

barbarous border fighting was due to the fact that powerful tribes of wild Indians still confronted us on every part of our steadily advancing frontier.* They would have killed and scalped our backwoodsmen, even if we had had no quarrel with George III, and there could be no lasting peace until they were crushed completely. When the war broke out, their alliance with British was natural, but the truculent spirit which sought to put that savage alliance to the worst uses, was something which it would not be fair to ascribe to the British commanders in general; it must be charged to the account of Lord George Germain, and a few unworthy men who were willing to be his tools."

It is well known that the Indians and Tories were incited by the British, as the history also says that "in the battle of Newtown, Aug. 29, 1779, fifteen hundred Tories and Indians were led by Sir John Johnson." Now as to the more local scene. The English came as near as Kingston, which they burned.† Jo Brant‡ came as near as Minisink, while Shanks Ben§ confined

*This frontier was still confined to Western New York.

†Kingston was twice burned; by the Indians, June 7, 1663; by the British, October 16, 1777.

‡Jo Brant or Thayendaneega (accent on penult) was educated for the Christian ministry, but the event of the Revolutionary War changed his intended calling as well as his character for life. See Stone's life of Brant.

§Shanks Ben was a half-breed, although spoken of in the history of Ulster county, as an Indian.

mostly in these parts. The descendants of the early Huguenot settler kept gradually pushing up the fertile Rondout Valley. Napanoch was quite a little village. There were three houses at Fantinekill, one at the site of now Ellenville, a few at Leurenkill and Homowack. Tradition says, that at Fantinekill, before the white's settled there, it was occupied by the Indians, their wig-

wams being situated on a pretty piece of flat land on top of the hill, west of the road; whether they were driven away by troops, or left in anticipation of their coming, or of their own free will, history don't record; neither does it state the date of the massacre, but it is supposed to be a few weeks before the burning of Wawarsing, which was on August 12, 1781.



"OLD FORT" AT NAPANOCH



Massacre at Fantinekill.

From the History of Ulster County, except notes marked
*, which were taken from other History.

This was an attack upon three families; those of widow Isaac Bevier, Jesse Bevier and Michael Socks. They lived about one-half a mile northwest of Ellenville. It appears that the attack was simultaneous on those three families; in fact, they lived so near each other, that the one could not be assaulted without alarming the other two. The assault was made just at the dawn of day. There was a young negro by the name of Robert, living at the widow Isaac Bevier's; he heard an unusual tramping around the house early in the morning like that of horses. He got up and listened, and soon found out that it was Indians. He opened the door and taking a little start, jumped

out and ran. As he was going, he received a wound in his head, from a tomahawk and a ball went through the elbow of his roundabout, but did not hurt him. The Indians sung out in their native tongue, "run you black! run you black!" It does not appear that he was pursued by them. He made his escape over the low land to Napanoch, but tarried a while in a field at a stack, in order to stop the blood, which was flowing profusely from his wound. Whether the Indians met with much resistance at this house does not appear, but we know that the widow and both her sons were killed. The house was set on fire and the woman went into the cellar. The daughter Magdalene took

the Dutch *family Bible* with her. When the flames approached them there, they chose rather to deliver themselves up to the savages than to endure a horrible death by fire. The event proved that "the one must be taken and the other left." They made their way through the cellar window, the mother in advance; the mother instantly became a prey to the ruthless tomahawk, whilst the daughter was retained as a prisoner. Some of the old people say that she was saved on account of her not being altogether sane, which was the case. The Bible was wrested from her hands and stamped in the mud. When the Indians left the place they took her a short distance into the woods, and then sent her back with a war-club, and a letter written by the Tories to Capt. Andries Bevier at Napanoch. The club was stained with fresh blood and hair; it was long in the family of the Bevier's, but is now lost. On her return she recovered the Bible preserved from the flames; some of the leaves were soiled by the mud, but not materially. It is still preserved as a precious relic in the family of her connections. Whether the two boys perished in the flames or were tomahawked, history does not record.

The family of Michael Socks were all killed. As none survived to tell the awful tale, no particulars can be given. There were a father, a mother and two sons young men, and two children. One young man either a Socks or a Bevier, had run some distance from the house into a piece of ploughed ground, where

it appears that a desperate contest had taken place between him and an Indian. A large patch of ground was trodden down, and the scalped and mangled corpse of the young man lay upon it. He had several wounds from a tomahawk on his arms. A few days before this, at a training at Napanoch, one of these boys boasted that he was not afraid of Indians.

At the house of Jesse Bevier, "there were men of valor," and the enemy accordingly met a warm reception. The first salute the old man received was the blocks* in the window stove in, and two or three balls were fired just above his head as he lay in the bed. He sprang from the bed and seized his axe, with which he prevented them from entering the window, at the same time calling to his sons, David and John, who were soon in readiness and a desperate action ensued. Those Beviers were all famous marksmen, and extraordinarily fond of hunting; especially David, who had some choice powder for that purpose, which his mother brought forward in the course of the action. He declined to use it, saying that common powder was good enough to shoot Indians with. They had their loose powder in basins on the table for the sake of convenience, and measured their charges only in their hands. It appears that the women assisted in loading, it being common to have a double stock of arms. But the enemy fired the old log house at a point where the little band of Huguenot heroes could not bring

*Supposed to be some kind of re-inforcement.

their guns to bear. The situation now became alarming in the extreme. Every drop of liquid in the house was applied to retard the progress of the flames by the women. They poured milk and swill through the cracks in the logs, hoping in this way to protract their existence until relief might come from Napanoch. At this crisis, when death in its most awful form was staring them in the face, that pious mother proposed that they should suspend hostilities, and unite in petitions to the throne of grace for mercy. David replied that "she might pray, but they would continue the fight." In the course of the morning after the battle had commenced, Jessie Bevier's dog either through fear or instinct, ran to Napanoch, a distance of about a mile, to the house of Louis Bevier, his master's brother. Louis could distinctly hear the firing at Fantinekill, and could easily guess what was going on, but fear had hitherto deterred him from going, but now he resolved to go if he should go alone. He took his gun and hastened to his neighbor, Johannis Bevier's, and told him that his brother's dog had come to call him, and he would go to his relief; that it was too much for flesh and blood to stand, and wanted him to go with him, but he thought it not prudent to go, as the Indians were expected there every minute, and it was almost certain death for them to go alone. But there was a youth by the name of Conradt, son of Johannis, whose patriotism and courage rose superior to all fear, and he determined to go. Those two set out over the low

lands for Fantinekill. When they came near, an Indian sentry on the hill, fired an alarm. The Indians and Tories not knowing how large a company was coming, immediately withdrew from the house they had rushed in. The flames had at this moment extended in spite of all their exertions to the curtains of the bed. The door was now thrown open and the women rushed down the hill to the spring for water to extinguish the flames, whilst* the men stood at the door with their guns in their hands to protect them. Amongst* the women who went to the spring was Jessie's daughter Catherine; whilst at the spring she heard the groans of the dying in the swampy ground near by. Tories were also recognized by their striped pantaloons, and also by the streaks that the sweat made in their painted faces. The fire was happily extinguished, and this family saved from an awful catastrophe. Had not the assistance arrived from Napanoch precisely when it did, we can not see how they could have escaped.

"We must now ask the attention of the reader to what transpired at Napanoch. Col. Cortland's regiment had been lying in the vicinity of Napanoch for some time previous to this event, but their time of service had expired a few days before the assault was made at Fantinekill, and it was supposed that the Tories had found this out and made it known to the Indians. But the soldiers having received some money, had

*As spelled in history from which this was obtained.

got into a frolic at a tavern at Wawarsing, (two miles from Napanoch), and were there on the morning of the alarm. They were mustered with all possible speed, and when they came to Napanoch were joined by Capt. Andries Bevier's company, and they marched to the scene of the action. When they came to the Napanoch creek, the Indian yells and war-whoops were heard on the western hills, and the savages fired on them as they were crossing the stream, and continued to fire on them from the woods as they passed on toward Fantinekill. Their fire was promptly returned by the regiment. It is not known that any loss was sustained by either side at this stage of the action, but there is no doubt that Jessie and his sons killed some of them as before intimated. The Indians made their way off to the west, firing the woods as they went to avoid pursuit.

When the war-whoop was heard on the hills west of Napanoch and the soldiers were seen leaving the place to go to Fantinekill, the women, children and invalids made a precipitate flight to the Shawangunk mountains, expecting that the Indians would enter and burn the place, which indeed they could have done with ease, had they known the situation of it.

Two sons of Andries Bevier, Samuel and Cornelius, lads of twelve and fourteen, ran across the mountain through the woods bare-footed, a distance of not less than five miles. They first came to the residence of a Mr Mance, on the east side of

the mountain; from thence they made their way to Shongum village, and gave the alarm. Several members of the Jacob Bevier family also made their way across the mountain, but some of the neighbors missed their way, got lost, and were all night in the mountain which was full of people from both sides with horns hunting for them. The little ones and those who were feeble and infirm went only to the base of the mountain and secreted themselves amid the craggy rocks, and in a ravine called Louis' Ravine. In their flight to the mountain they were joined by the young black (Robert), who escaped from Fantinekill.

In fording the Rondout a child of Andrew Bevier, by the name of Lewis, came near going down with the current. He was caught by a friendly hand and helped ashore. When they came to the foot of the mountain, an invalid soldier climbed up a tree to see if Napanoch was on fire.

He heard the firing of Cortland regiment, and said he could distinguish it from the firing of the Indians, because they fired by platoons. Toward night the men came to look for their families, but apprehending that they might be Tories they gave no heed to their calls, until they were sure they were their friends.

As to those who perished at Fantinekill, six were buried in one grave near the place where they lived and died. There were nine of the whites that lost their lives. Loss of enemy

not known. The only house which stood where the village of Ellenville is situated, was occupied by the family of John Bodly. They had a narrow escape; they fled for the mountain. The house was burned as those at Fantinekill.

MURDER OF JOHN AND ELSIE MACK.

John Mack lived at Wawarsing; he had a son-in-law named John Mance, who lived on the east side of the Shawangunks. Some time during the war, he resolved to go over and visit his daughter, accompanied by another daughter named Elsie. There was at this time a foot path crossing the mountain. It began on the west side, at a place called Port Hyxon, and ended at Col. Jansen's west of the Shawangunk village. They crossed the mountain in safety and made the contemplated visit. On their return the son-in-law accompanied them with two horses as far as the top of the mountain, for him and Elsie to ride on, the old man being rather infirm.

John Mance* proposed to take his rifle with him, but his

*NOTE—When John was desired by his father to bring up the horses for the purpose of assisting Mr. Mack and his daughter some distance on their way, he readily assented to the proposal provided he might carry his rifle with him, but the old man deemed it an act of childish folly to be pestered with firearms on horseback, resolutely withstood his proviso, and at length snatching the halts from John's hands, he said in angry tone, that he would go himself. The mother, however, could not brook the idea of her son's disobedience, and finally succeeded in persuading him to accompany their friends without the encumbrance of his faithful weapon.

father† opposed it, saying it was not necessary. When they arrived at the top of the hill where they were to separate they dismounted and the old man seated himself on a log and smoked his pipe. While sitting there, Mance discovered by the horses ears that they heard something, and looking around he discovered two men advancing in the path which they had just left, and another, whom he recognized as a notorious Indian called Shank Ben taking a circuitous route through the woods, in order to get in advance and so surround them. Mance understood his design and was aware of the imminent danger that awaited them. It was then that he bitterly regretted that he had not taken his rifle. He said that he might have shot the Indian if he had had it. The other two were Tories. They had with them two negroes whom they had taken prisoners at Col. Jansen's. Mance started with Elsie by the hand in a direction so as to elude the design of the enemy. The old man knowing it would be vain for him to attempt to flee, sat still, resigned to his awful fate. Mance ran with the girl until he came to a precipice of about twenty feet high, perpendicular, down which

†NOTE—It would not seem out of place here to mention, and especially for the now rising generation in this vicinity, that Christopher Mance who was a tailor by occupation, (familiarily called Stuffle Mance), who was at this time past 70, and the son John who figured so prominently in the above narrative, subsequently moved to Cragsmoor, and with the grandson, ("Old Uncle Jakey") who lived to be 90, and the great grandson ("Uncle James") who lived to be 84, all lie buried in the Cragsmoor cemetery, east of the "Oak Tree;" the grave of the latter being marked by a bowlder resting on a marble base. Their graves are those of the pioneer.

he jumped. Here he was obliged to leave the girl. He thought he might have saved her, had it not been for a little dog which followed them and kept constantly barking by which the Indians could follow. In jumping down the precipice he sprained his ankle, which troubled him considerably. He was obliged to take off his shoe and stocking and go bare-footed on account of the swelling of his foot. When he came in sight of Col. Jansen's, he saw a number of men around, and, not knowing whether they were friends or foes, he tarried some time, until he discovered they were whites. He then approached and related the awful tale. His father-in-law and the maiden were found side by side covered with purple gore. It was with difficulty in after times, that Mance could be persuaded to relate this melancholy tale.

Intimately connected with this narrative is the account of the narrow

ESCAPE OF COLONEL JANSEN

from being taken by the same party who killed Mr. Mack and his daughter. A desperate effort was made by Shanks Ben[‡] and others to take Col. Jansen and some other distinguished indi-

[‡]NOTE—Shanks Ben was born and brought up in the vicinity of Col. Jansen's place, and had before the war been in the employ of the latter on his farm, and had often went hunting with the John Mance here described as being at this time about forty years of age, and on this occasion like the others of his party, wore a coarse wagoner frock of a grayish color, with a red handkerchief bound closely around his head.

viduals who lived in that vicinity. It is probable that a large reward was placed on their heads by the British. That notorious Indian as has since been ascertained had been lying for whole days and nights in places of concealment waiting for an opportunity to take those distinguished "sons of liberty." Early one morning the Colonel went to his barn to see to his stock and discovered Shanks Ben in the stable. He ran to the house with all his might, and the Indian in close pursuit. The black woman who was in the stable milking saw the race. She said that the Indian came so close that he grasped after the skirts of his coat, but he reached the house in safety, closed the door and secured it. The Indian disappointed of his prey, and exasperated, seized a broad-ax which happened to lay near by, and began to cut the door. The Colonel then called to wife to fetch him his pistols, which he intended to fire through the door. The Indian desisted and went to the kitchen where he and two Tories (who were recognized as such by the black woman, who observed they had blue eyes and painted faces), helped themselves to the best that the house could afford. Whilst the enemy was thus engaged, a white girl, by the name of Goetches[§] was ob-

[§]NOTE—Miss Hannah Goetches was a niece of Christopher Mance spoken of in history as being aged eighteen, and possessed of handsome features, was from New York city, where her parents resided. She had been on a visit of several weeks at her uncle's, and had set out on her return, via Newburgh and Peekskill, and soon arrived at the encampment of the American Army; but the British being in possession of New York, refused a transport, and she was compelled to return to the family of her uncle. Being of an active and indus-



served by the black woman coming to the house. She made signs to her to go back, but she misunderstood them, thinking she meant her to come, which she did, when she was taken prisoner. The enemy took her a short distance, but she being untirious turn, and withall an excellent spinster, she employed herself in that capacity, in the family of Col. Jansen, and as stated above, not understanding the signal, she walked leisurely into the kitchen, (having been over to her uncle's where she had been visiting with her friend, Miss Elsie Mack). When she became aware of her danger, her terror became extreme, she wrung her hands in agony, and begged them to spare her, but her pleadings were in vain.

willing to go with them, they dragged her along for some time, and then killed and scalped her. They took the two young negroes of Col. Jansen's who were never heard of since (except by Mance in the mountain as before stated). An alarm was given at Col. Jansen's either by blowing a horn or firing a gun, and the neighbors came to his relief, but the work of death was done, and the enemy was beyond the reach of pursuit.

Burning of Wawarsing by the Indians.

From the History of Ulster County.

On that ever memorable Sabbath, the 12th of August, 1781, at the dawn of the morning, they arrived at the old stone fort at Wawarsing, which was situated near the old church. Having captured the spies,* no notice had been received at the fort of their approach, and most of its occupants were yet

*As an alarm

in their beds. Two men had gone out of the fort that morning, Mr. Johannis Hornbeck and a colored man named Flink. Catharine Vernooy was also about leaving the fort to go and milk, when she saw the Indians coming. She returned to the fort, closed the door, and called Chambers to assist her in getting the huge brace against it. Chambers was stationed on the sentry-box at the time, but being somewhat deranged, he did not fire



his gun.* Fortunately, however, he sung out "vyand, vyand," enemy, enemy. No sooner had the door been secured than the Indians came against it with all their might, in order to burst it in. Had not the door been secured at that instant, the enemy would inevitably have gained admittance to the fort, and the fate of its inmates would have been sealed.

The negro, Flink, soon discovered the Indians approaching the fort. He concealed himself until he saw they did not obtain an entrance; then leaving his milk pail, he made his way with

*NOTE—It being the practice along the frontiers to keep out spies or scouts on the side exposed to savage inroads, who were to patrol the woods and give notice to the settlements in order that they might not be taken by surprise, Philip Hine and Silas Bouck started on this migratory errand. When they reached the Neversink River, twenty miles or more southwest of Napanoch, they discovered a body of four or five hundred Indians and Tories evidently bound on an expedition against some of the frontier settlements. The scouts watched their progress secretly until certain that their place of destination was Napanoch and Wawarsing; they then took a circuitous route and struck the road far in advance of the point where they had seen the enemy, but the Indians, discovering some foot marks where Hine and Bouck had crossed a stream of water, runners were sent in pursuit who overtook them within half an hour after the latter had entered the road. But there seems to have been a providence in this apparent misfortune as it was the means of saving many lives. The prisoners were required under pain of death to give a correct account of the fortifications and other means of defense along the frontier. Among other things they informed their captors that there was a cannon at Capt. Bevier's in Napanoch. On account of this intelligence the enemy did not carry out their instructions and commence their attack at that place. Some of the Indians had probably witnessed the destructive power of grape shot in the war of 1755, and had a wholesome fear of that engine of destruction. But they would not have been injured in this case, for the old cannon lay on the woodpile without a carriage, and was useless for purposes of defense. Nevertheless the dismantled field-piece intimidated an enemy five hundred strong, and saved Napanoch from attack.

all possible speed to Napanoch, to apprise the people there of the arrival of the enemy.

Mr. Hornbeck, the other individual who had left the fort, was on his way to see his cornfield, and heard the alarm when about a mile away. Being a large fleshy man, unable to travel fast on foot, he caught a horse and rode with all speed to Rochester. When he arrived there, so overcome was he by excitement and fatigue, that he fell upon the floor as one dead. He recovered sufficiently to be able to return home in the afternoon in company with the troops that were sent in pursuit of the Indians.

The stone fort at Wawarsing was now the scene of active operations. The men leaped excitedly from their beds, and without much regard to dress, seized their guns, which were always at hand, and commenced the defence. John Griffin was the first who fired, the shot bringing one of the Indians to the ground. Another came to remove his fallen comrade, and just as he stooped over, Cornelius Vernoooy gave him a charge of duckshot that he had intended for a wild duck that came to his mill pond. The other savages hurried them away, and it is probable that both of them were killed. The Indians did not fancy the reception they met with here, so they dispersed to the more defenseless parts of the neighborhood, to plunder and fire the buildings.

Peter Vernoooy lived about one-fourth of a mile southeast of the fort. The Indians made an attack upon his house, but

were bravely repulsed by the garrison, which consisted of three men.

On the first advance of the Indians, Vernooy shot one from a window in the southeast side of the house. One of the men went into the garret, and discovered some savages behind a ledge of rocks to the northeast of the dwelling, watching for an opportunity to fire when anyone came before the port-holes. While he was preparing to shoot at them, he saw the flash of their priming; he drew back his head suddenly, and a ball just grazed his face. An old hat hanging up in the garret, which the Indians supposed contained a man's head, was found to be full of bullet holes.

The conduct of the women of this household was worthy the daughters of liberty. It appears there were three: Mrs. Peter Vernooy, and two of her relatives from Lackawack. One of them loaded the guns for the men, while the others stood with axes to guard the windows, which were fortified with blocks of hard wood.

At Cornelius Bevier's, the enemy found none to oppose them. They entered the house, built a fire on the floor with some of the furniture, and then left the premises, taking along a colored woman and two colored boys a short distance, until they supposed the flames had obtained sufficient headway, when they let them return home. The woman and boys went to work and succeeded in saving the house. At no time did the Indians appear to wish to kill the blacks. This was probably

because they were slaves, and no bounty was paid by the British for their scalps. The Indians regarded the negroes as belonging to a race inferior to themselves.

The next assault was made at Cornelius Depuy's where a few neighbors were assembled, as the custom was, for mutual safety and defense. The enemy advanced from the hills south-east of the house. The person acting as commander of this little garrison gave the order not to fire until the Indians came quite near, but a lad of sixteen was too full of enthusiasm and patriotic fire to await the word of command. He had his old Holland gun well primed, which he leveled at one of the redskins and brought him to the ground at the first discharge. The enemy thereupon fled. A few shots were sent after them, with what effect is not known.

The enemy made their next attack at the stone house of John Kettle; in the defence of which the noble conduct of Captain Gerard Hardenburgh is deserving of particular notice. At the time of the alarm, Capt. Hardenburgh was at the house of a relative one mile east of Kettle's with six of his men. Notwithstanding the risk, he determined to go to the relief of his countrymen. When he came in sight of Kettle's, he saw a number of Indians in advance in the road. To offer battle with his insignificant force in the open field would be an act of madness. There was no time to be lost however, and all depended on the decision of the moment. His active and fertile mind instantly devised a stratagem that suited his purpose to perfec-



tion. He turned aside into the woods with his little band of heroes, so that their number could not be observed by the enemy, took off his hat and shouted with all his might and advanced toward Kettle's house. The Indians did not know what to make of this manœuvre. It might mean that a company of Tories had come from Newtown to their assistance, and it might mean that troops were marching up from Pine Bush to the relief of the settlement; the savages took the safe course and skulked in every direction. This gave the captain time to reach the house. At that moment the Indians, who had discovered the ruse, poured a shower of bullets at them, but the brave heroes escaped unhurt. The besieged broke holes through the rear of the house with an axe, and also through the roof for port holes, through which they poured an effective fire upon their assailants. Hardenburgh found the house occupied by three soldiers and a son of John Kettle. The Indians made repeated assaults in force on this fortress, but were as often driven back with loss. Thirteen of their number were left dead on the field. John Kettle was at Kerhonkson at the time of the attack. Jacobus Bruyn had removed with his family over the Shawangunk mountain through fear of the Indians, and Kettle had gone up to Bruyn's premises to see that all was well. He started to go to the fort at Pine Bush, but was met in the road by an advance guard of the savages, and shot. His was not the only scalp the Indians secured in this expedition.

While these events were transpiring at Wawarsing, the

forts at Napanoch and Pine Bush were the scenes of intense interest and suspense. When the firing ceased for a moment, the affrighted inhabitants were ready to conclude that the beleaguered garrison had been overpowered, and that the savages were engaged in mangling and scalping the bodies of their friends and brethren. Then again would be heard the report of one of the Holland guns, which could be plainly distinguished from the sharp crack of the light arms of the Indians, telling that the patriots yet lived, and were making a heroic defence for their homes. The rattle of musketry in the first attack on Wawarsing was heard at Pine Bush, and as it was unlawful to fire a gun on the Sabbath except in self defence, or as an alarm, it was known that the place was attacked. Alarm guns were immediately fired at Pine Bush, Millhook, and so along the frontier toward Kingston.

As already stated, the negro Flink escaped from the Wawarsing fort as the Indians attacked the place, and ran with all speed to Napanoch. Capt. Pierson was in command at that place, and although suffering from indisposition he left his bed, stepped out in front of the fort and called for volunteers. He said he did not want a man to go that would not face the enemy and fight like a hero. He was solicited by the women and others to remain for their protection, but he replied that he was bound by his official oath to go where the enemy was. Conradt Bevier, Jacobus DeWitt and some ten or twelve others tendered their services, and the little band set forward. When they

came to the school house, half a mile from the fort at Napanoch, they found it in flames; no doubt fired by the Indians. They carried water in their hats and saved the building. They then cautiously advanced over the low land until they came in sight of Wawarsing.

At this time an Indian sentinel who had been stationed on a hill to give notice of the arrival of reinforcements to the garrison, fired off his gun, which caused the Indians to withdraw farther from the fort.

Those within now made signals for Captain Pierson and his men to approach and enter. To do this the relief party were obliged to pass over an open space exposed to the shots of the enemy, but the undertaking was accomplished in perfect safety.

Encouraged by this addition to their number, the besieged came out and fought the Indians from behind trees, buildings, and whatever objects afforded protection after the Indian fashion.

In the meantime the Indians entered the church and amused themselves by throwing their tomahawks at the numbers, which, according to the custom of the times, were placed on the panels of the pulpit to designate the psalm or hymn to be sung. These figures served as targets to throw at. With such force were the missiles sent that two or three tomahawks were driven entirely through the panels. This injury was never repaired, but was suffered to remain as a memorial of the past. Two Indians were standing in the church door and Wm. Bodly

and Conradt Bevier crept along the fence in the bushes to get a shot at them. Bevier leveled his piece and pulled the trigger, but it unfortunately snapped. The Indian looked around as though he heard it. Bevier made a second attempt, and again it snapped. Bodly then fired and both ran for the fort about one-fourth of a mile away. The Indians sent some shots after them, one of the balls cutting a limb from an apple tree under which Bevier was passing. Bodly's shot struck in the door post, just grazing the crown of the Indian's head

Long after the war a man by the name of DeWitt was in the western part of New York and spoke with the Indian who met with so narrow an escape at the church door. The Indian on learning that DeWitt was from Wawarsing, inquired if he knew who it was that shot at him while standing in the church door. DeWitt told him it was Wm. Bodly. The Indian answered: "It was a good shot; if I ever meet that man I will treat him well." This incident illustrates a trait in the character of a "warrior."

Towards noon, when most of the Indians were in the lower part of the town, Cornelius Bevier went to water his cattle, accompanied by Jacobus Dewitt. They had ascended the hill toward the old burying-ground, when they discovered two Indians walking directly in front of them in Indian fire. Bevier thought he could shoot them both at once, but just as he got ready to fire, one of them stepped aside. He shot one of the Indians and then both men ran for the fort. In passing under an



apple tree Dewitt stumbled and fell. Just at the instant a shot from the surviving Indian passed over his head. Dewitt ever afterward felt he owed his escape to an interposition of Providence. The Indian's body was subsequently found near the place. He had put on new moccasins and other extra apparel during the period intervening between the time of his receiving the fatal wound and the moment of his death, as though preparing himself for the change to the happy hunting grounds.

The people at the fort saw an Indian going with a firebrand to set fire to a dwelling house occupied by some of the Hornbeck family. Benjamin Hornbeck loaded one of the long Holland guns and tried the effect of a shot upon the miscreant. The ball struck a stone on the hill, and bounded against the Indian who immediately dropped the firebrand, gave a tremendous leap, and ran like a deer for the woods. This single shot was the means of saving that house from the general conflagration of that eventful day.

The neighborhood of Wawarsing on that Sabbath morning must have been a scene of sublime grandeur. Five or six dwelling houses, seven barns, and one grist mill were all enveloped in flames; no one being able to offer any resistance to their raging fury. The houses were stored with the products of the industry of many years, consisting of the articles requisite for the comforts and conveniences of civilized life, and the barns had just been filled with a plenteous harvest. The Indians remained all that day in the vicinity pillaging the houses,

driving off the stock, and securing whatever plunder they thought would be of any service to them.

The Indians took some ground plaster as far as Grahamsville, supposing it to be flour, and attempted to make bread of it. At Esquire Hardenburgh's they fared sumptuously. They took some huckleberry pies of which there was a goodly stock on hand, and broke them up in tubs of milk, and then devoured them.

Had not the Indians devoted so much of their attention to plunder, they might have secured more scalps. Some of the inhabitants who had concealed themselves in the bushes along the fences met with narrow escapes when the Indians came to drive the cattle from the fields. They threw little sticks and stones to drive the animals away from their places of concealment.

When the Indians were preparing to leave the place a personage of no ordinary rank and pretention was seen emerging from the woods in the highway near the old church. His appearance was truly imposing. He was mounted on a superb horse that had been taken from Esquire Hardenburgh and was arrayed in gorgeous apparel according to Indian notions. He had silver bands about his arms and over forty silver broaches were suspended about the person of his majesty. He was discovered by some soldiers who were watching to get a parting shot at the enemy as they were leaving the town, and one of them named Mack fired on the chief. The latter was seen to

reel in his saddle, but some other Indians turned his horse into the woods and he was lost to view for a time. Afterwards Cornelius found his corpse in the woods near the place where he was shot, with the ornaments and trinkets still upon him. It is probable that the loss of this chief did much to intimidate the Indians and hasten their retreat.

In the course of Sunday afternoon Capt. Pawling came up with some State troops from Hurley in time to relieve some of the inhabitants. There was a cabin in the woods situated in advance of the others, in which lived a man and his wife. At the first appearance of the foe they fled into their castle and gave battle to a party of savages who came up to attack them. The house was well supplied with arms, and while his wife loaded the guns he poured such a destructive fire in the midst of his foes, that they soon recoiled with loss. Baffled in their attempts to force an entrance, they collected a heap of combustibles and set fire to the premises. The savages then retired a short distance to watch the result. The man ran out with a couple of buckets, procured water, and with it extinguished the flames. The Indians ran down upon him, but not being quick enough to prevent his gaining the door, they hurled their tomahawks at his head, happily without effect. Pawling's force being augmented by Col. Cantine's troops of Rochester and those of the garrison at Wawarsing, the little army amounted to about four hundred men. They lodged at the Wawarsing stone

fort Sunday night, and early next morning set out in pursuit of the enemy.

It would appear that these Indians were the Delawares, they having driven the Iroquois to the northwestern part of the state.

History says "our beautiful Indian names originated from the Leni-Lenape or Delawares, viz: Wawayanda, Wyoming, Mamakating, Moyamensing, Wawarsing, Osinsing, Mohunk, Shawangunk, Cochection and others."

They have been lost track of as a tribe, and "if living at all, they will probably be found in the clans of the far west."

As to the Iroquois it might not be out of place to mention clipping from New York Tribune April 4, 1902, on "Reservation Lands:" "These Indians of western New York have been peaceable, and, in the main, orderly residents among the whites, since the settlement of the region began a century ago. Many of them fought bravely in the war for the preservation of the Union, and they have good reason to claim fair and just treatment at the hands of the whites. There is a strong feeling that their rights should be safeguarded in every possible way. These tribes, the Senecas, Tuscaroras, Onondagas, Mohawks, Cayugas and Oneidas, comprised the six nations of the famous Iroquois League. There are about six thousand of the Iroquois

in New York State on the following reservations: Allegany reservation area 44 square miles, Cattaraugus 42 square miles. The reservation lands are held in common by the "nation" or tribe, but as a matter of practice rather than theory, the lands are already to a large extent divided up among the individual Indians. They hold their respective farms by titles good among themselves, and sell or devise or purchase among themselves, but cannot dispose of their land to the whites. There is a fund of about \$2,000,000 owed to these Indians by the United States, resulting from the sale of Kansas lands formerly owned by them."

This would pleasantly remind us of the aged Sachem where he said,

"The Father above saw fit to give
The white man where to dwell;
The Spirit that gave the bird its nest,
Made me a home as well."

From our school books we learn that the Indian on his first meeting the white man at the shore, was inclined to be friendly; not indifferent to a barter, was willing to sell land, or for that matter to give.

As to an adjustment of trouble, on invitation of the whites, those sons of the wood, would come out to meet them like men. The dusky neighbor would eat salt at the white man's table, the children would climb to his knee. Time, one of the war periods; he true to his friendship, would tell the family to flee for their

lives. He forfeits his own to his tribe. Place, Moodany Creek, what school boy does not know.

There were colonies of whites that intended well. Would first stake off a tract of several thousand acres of land, the boundaries of which the native would thoroughly understand. They would then ask him to name the price. "Five coats of duffel, six double-hands full of powder, two sight guns, twenty fathoms of black and white seawant, three blankets of duffel, five bars of lead." But no matter how peaceful the outlook, or what allowance the early settler might have made in order to keep peace with a savage among whom no missionary had been sent, or how far civilization had progressed in the one hundred and twenty-five years since the Huguenots had first settled in the county, after getting up the valley as far as Wawarsing, and making that a flourish-center of trade, as it was, they were now to meet a new scene, the cause of which lay beyond their possibility to avoid. A clipping from the History of Ulster County, the instance in point, "Burning of Wawarsing." "This last attempt of the savages under the command and by direction of British authority to exterminate the inhabitants of this frontier, was the most extensive invasion since the commencement of the war. This expedition was fitted out at one of the northern British posts, and put under the command of a white man by the name of Caldwell, with explicit directions to commence his assault at Captain Andrew Bevier's at Napanoch, and to kill or capture all the inhabitants, and destroy or carry off all the property

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along the Kingston road to the half-way house, twelve miles north-east of Napanoch." (The detail has been given.)

The trouble arising was not so much between the honest Pioneer and his Dusky Neighbor, as from the above sources, and incorporated "Land Companies" and "Traders."

If history is to be believed, from which these pages are taken, then down at old Esopus, we find the trouble not growing out of the maize fields being destroyed by the white man's stock, nor from the pigs that were killed by the natives, but from the liquor that the "Trader" had brought. Then came the span of ninety years of peace, until the French and Indian War. Then again until the breaking out of the Revolutionary War. Dates of massacres were between 1776 and 1783. That the Indians were incited by a more enlightened nation than themselves has been noted. Ninety years was quite a while for the whites and their red brethren to get along without having difficulties. If such importance as to be noted in history, they would hunt abroad in the same forests, fish on the same lakes, and till contiguous corn or "maize-fields," while the smoke of the wigwam and the log cabin curled peacefully through the trees at home. But history does state that the Indian complained that the "Trader" made him drunk, and cheated him on his sale of furs, and took advantage on boundaries. His one great fault, ("the ruthless tomahawk and scalping knife,") we

well knew. We assumed all risks when we did not turn back. In view of facts, as then existed, and our surroundings to day as to their faults, we can well afford "to forget them all and put them away among us." But their beautiful names linger still among our hills, through our valleys, o'er our lakes.

Who of us do not like to recall those pretty verses of Mrs. Sigourney, where she writes in a seemingly tender vein:

Ye say they all have passed away,
That noble race and brave,
That their light canoes have vanished
From off the crested wave;
That 'mid the forests where they roamed,
There rings no hunter's shout,
But their name is on your waters,
Ye may not wash it out.
Ye say their cone-like cabins
That clustered o'er the vale,
Have fled away like withered leaves,
Before the autumn gale.
But their memory liveth on your hills,
Their baptism on your shore;
Your everlasting rivers speak
Their dialect of yore.

The old stone houses, pictures of which appear, are the forts at Wawarsing, which sustained attacks by Indians during the frontier wars, and are still standing.





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